

Cyanide Dreams

Dark Side Cowboys

You move towards what never could have been
An illusion created by fate
We're drifting away in the storm
For now, as we wander the plains of misery
We both know what would have happened if...
At this point this is my last cry
If you don't listen it will surely never end
I stare at the sunset, my blood is getting cold
This couldn't be... But it is
A revival, a deliverance of ancient days
The wind will whisper my name to you
And carry my dream across the sea
There will not be anymore illusions
There will no longer be love
This is my last cry...
The Bloodred Moon

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